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WHEN THE GUNS ARE ROLLING YONDER.

Every soldier leaves behind
Oh! a girl that's true and kind,
but you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.
To the war you'll go away
Just a little while to stay
Oh! you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.

CHORUS:

When the guns are rolling yonder,
When the guns are rolling yonder,
When the guns are rolling y-o-n-d-e-r
(Spoken) Fall' In!
When the guns are rolling yonder we'll
be there.

You'll be marching up to battle
Where those damned machine guns rattle
But you'll never see your sweetheart
Anymore.
When you're hanging on the wire
Under heavy hostile fire
Oh! you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.

CHORUS.

When your lungs are filled with gas
You'll be thinking of a lass
But you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.
Lying in the mud and rain
With a shrapnel in your brain
Oh! you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.

Chorus.

When the charge is made at last
You'll be riding hard and fast
But you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.
And the poppies they will nod,
when you hit the bloomin' sod
Oh! you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.

Chorus.

There will be no more to tell
When you stop a screaming shell
And you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.

For you'll wear a wooden jacket
When the enemy gets your bracket
And you'll never see your sweetheart
Anymore.

Chorus.

Still you may come back to find
That the girl you left behind
Doesn't want to see her sweetheart
anymore.
For while you were 'cross the sea
She acquired a family
Oh! you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.

Chorus.

Let us love while yet we may
For there'll surely come a day
When you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.
For the jackal and the crow
Said t'was ever, ever so
Oh! you'll never see your sweetheart
anymore.

Chorus.

OVER THERE.

Over There, Over There,
Send the word, send the word, over there
That the Yanks are coming,
The drums run-tumming ev'ry where,
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word, to beware
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back til it's
Over, over there.

LONG, LONG TRAIL.

There's a long, long trail a-winding,
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing,
And a white noon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting,
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

MANDLAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'
eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I
know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees,
and the temple-bells they say;
Come you back you British soldiers;
come you back to Mandalay!

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
from Ragoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder,
outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little
cap was green,
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat jes' the
same as Theebaw's Queen;
An' I seed 'er first a-smoking' of a
whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' kisses on an'
'eathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud-
What they call the Great Gawd Budd,
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I
kissed 'er where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder,
outer China 'crost the Bay!

When the mist was on the rice-fields,
an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd git her little banjo an' she'd
sing "Kulla-lo-lo!"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er
cheek agin' my cheek,
We uster watch the steamers an' the
hathis pilin' teak.

Elephants a-pilin' teak,
In the sludgy, squidgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you
wad 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China crost the Bay!

But that's all shove be'ind me-long
ago and fur away,
An' there ain't no busses runnin' from
the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what
the ten-year soldier tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-calling
you won't never 'eed naught else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else,
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an'
the tinkly temple bells;
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the Bay.

I am sick of wastin' leather on these
gritty pavin' stones,
An' the blasted Honglish drizzle wakes
the fever in my bones;
Thou' I walks with fifty 'ousmaids outer
Cheisea to the Strand,
An' they talks alot o' lovin', but wot
do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby ' and-
Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater sweeter maiden in a cleaner
greener land!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying fishes play,
An the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the Bay!

Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where
best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments,
An a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple bells are callin', and
there that I would be-
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking
out to sea:

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings
went to Mandalay,
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
outer China 'crost the Bay!

TIPPERARY.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye Picadilly,
Farewell Leister square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG.

Pack up your troubles in your old
Kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
When you've a lucifer to light your
fag
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so!
Pack up your troubles in your old
kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING.

Keep the home fires burning,
While our hearts are yearning,
Though the boys are far away
They dream of home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark clouds inside out
Till the boys come home.

OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh, how I love to remain in bed.
For the hardest blow of all, is to
hear the bugler call,
You've got to get up, you've got to get
up,
You've got to get up in the morning,
Some day I'm going to murder the
bugler,
Some day they're going to find him
dead,
I'll amputate his Reville
And step upon it heavily,
And spent the rest of my life in bed.

HOW YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM.

How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm,
After they've seen Paree?
How ya gonna keep 'em away from Broad-
way:
Jazzin' aroun' and painting the town?
How you gonna keep 'em from harm?
That's a mystery;
They'll never want to see a rake or
plow,
And who the deuce can parley-vous
a cow?
How you gonna keep 'em down on the
farm,
After they've seen Paree.

SMILES.

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the
tear drops,
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender
meaning,
That the eyes of love alone can see,
And the smiles that fill my life with
sunshine
Are the smiles that you gave to me.

KATY.

K---K---K---Katy
Beautiful Katy
You're the only G---G---G---Girl that
I adore
When the m---moon shines
On the C---Cow shed
I'll be waiting by the
K---K---K---Kitchen door.

ROSES OF PICARDY.

Roses are shining in Picardy
In the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the
summertime
And our roads may be far apart
But there's one rose that dies not in
P icardy
'Tis the Rose that I keep in my heart.

DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE.

Oh! how I want you dear old Pal of Mine,
Each night and day I pray you're always
mine.

Sweetheart may God bless you,
Angel hands caress you,
While sweet dreams rest you
Dear Old Pal of Mine.

VICTORY.

Army to Victory, we're marching on today.
Sound out the call for Kaydets all
To form in battle array,
Army, our team is set,--so forward to the
fray,
We'll never yield, but clear the field
And march to Victory.

FIGHT AWAY.

Fight-away! Oh, fight-away! all you Army
men in gray.
Go charging down the field, a-smashing
every play.
Thru Navy's line, ev'ry time! Break away
with all your might.
No Navy in the world, can stop the Army's
Fight! Fight! Fight!

THE GRIDIRON GRENADIERS.

Eyes right! Watch us fight!
Army's goin' to score.
We're the boys who make the noise,
We're licked this gang before.
We have never known defeat,
We would rather fight than eat,
We're the Heroes of the Gridiron

Gren-a-diers----

Roll that score! Way up!
Roll that score! Way up!
Navy'll never want to play us
an-y no-or-ore,

Ya-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Ya-ha-ha-ha-ha!

We're the Heroes of the Gridiron

Gren-a-diers--.

SLUM'N' GRAVY.

Sons of slum and gravy,
Will you let the Navy
Take from us the victory? Hell no!
Hear a warrior's chorus,
Sweep that line before us,
Carry on to victory!
Onward; Onward; Charge against the foe; (4)

Forward; Forward, The Army banners go.
Sons of Mars and Thunder
Rip that line asunder,
Carry on to victory!

ANCHOR'S AWEIGH.

Sail Navy down the field,
Sails set to the sky.
We'll never change our course,
So Army you steer shy-y-y-y!
Roll up the score Navy,
Anchor's aweigh,--
Sail Navy Down the field and
Sink the Army,
Sink the Army Gray!

Get under way, Navy,
Decks cleared for the fray.
We'll hoist true Navy Blue,
So Army down your gray-ay-ay-ay!
Full speed ahead, Navy,
Army heave to,--
Foul Black and Gray and Gold and
Hoist the Navy,
Hoist the Navy Blue!

YALE BULL-DOG.

Bulldog, Bull-dog, Bow-wow-wow,
Eli Yale.
Bulldog, Bull-dog, Bow-wow-wew,
Our team can never fail.
When the sons of Eli break thro' the
line,
That is the sign we hail;
Bull-dog, Bull-dog, Bow-wow-wow,
Eli Yale.

CAYUGA'S WATERS,

Far above Cayuga's waters,
With its waves of blue,
Stands our noble Alma Mater
Glorious to view.

CHORUS.

Lift the chorus, speed it onward,
Loud her praises tell.
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail, Cornell!

Far above the busy humming,
Of the bustling town,
Reared against the arch of heaven,
Looks she proudly down.

Chorus.

RAMBLING WRECK FROM GEORGIA TECH.

Oh, If I had a daughter, sir, I'd dress
her in white and gold,
And take her on the campus, sir, to cheer
the brave and bold,
But if I had a son, sir, I'll tell you
what he'd do,
He would yell "To hell with Georgie".
like his daddy used to do-

CHORUS.

I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech,
and a helluv' an engineer,
A hell of a, hell of a, hell of a, hellof a
hell of an engineer,
Like all good jolly fellows, I drink my
whiskey clear;
I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech,
and a helluv' an engineer.

I wish I had a barrel of rum, and of
sugar three thousand pounds,
A college bell to put it in, and a
clapper to stir it 'round.
I'd drink to every fellow who comes from
far and near,
I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech,
and a helluv' an engineer.

Chorus.

A -HUNTING WE WILL GO.

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the day
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
The huntsman winds his horn.

Then a-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go,
A-hunting we will go.

TALLY-HO.

There's a noise of galloping over
the hill,
And the huntsman's horn rings merry
and shrill.
See, here they come with a "View
hallo!"
Hounds and horses and huntsmen too,
Gallop, gallop, gallop,
gallop,
Gallop, gallop, gallop by.

The horses trample, the hounds they bay,
The rider's coats are scarlet and gay;
"Ho there, youngster!", "The huntsmen
cry, "Say, have you seen the fox go by?"
Gallop, etc.

I look as stupid as I can be,
And never a word they get from me;
Until in anger they shake the rein,
and start the rollicking hunt again.
Gallop, etc.

For would I be telling them? NO, not I,
That I saw the fox go wearily by,
Wearily panting, worn and spent,
Would I be telling the way he went?
Gallop, gallop, gallop, No, Not I.

THE KEEPER.

The keeper did a-hunting go,
And under his cloak he carried a bow,
All for to shoot a merry little doe,
among the leaves so green-o.

CHORUS:

Jacky Boy! Master!
Sing ye well? Very well!
Hey down! Ho down! Derry, derry down;
Among the leaves so green-o!
To my key down, down!
To my ho down, down!
Hey down! Ho down! Derry, derry down;
Among the leaves so green-o.

The first doe he shot at he missed,
The second doe he trimmed, he kissed,
The third doe went where nobody sist,
Among the leaves so green-o.

CHORUS.

The fourth doe she did cross the plain,
The keeper fetched her back again;
here! she's now she may remain
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus.

The fifth doe she did cross the brook,
The keeper fetch'd her back with his
crook,
Where she's now you must go and look
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD.

I've been working on the railroad,
All the live long day,
I've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the captain calling,
Dinah blow your horn.

CHORUS:

Dinah won't you go,
Dinah won't you go,
Down on the banks of the Ohio;
Dinah won't you go,
Dinah won't you go,
Down on the Ohio.

DOWN IN JUNGLE TOWN.

Down in jungle town
A honey moon is coming soon,
Then you'll hear a serenade,
To a pretty monkey maid
And in Monkey Land,
The Chimpanzees sing in the trees
She'll be true to monkey-doodle-doo;
Way down in Jungle Town.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in
the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring
in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring
in the grave,
His soul goes marching on!

Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah!
His soul goes marching on!

OH! SUSANNA.

I came to Alabama, wid
My banjo on my knee,
I'm g'wan to Louisiana,
My true love for to see.
It rain'd all night de day I left,
De weather it was dry,
De sun so hot I froze to death;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna, oh! don't you cry for me,
I've come from Alabama, wid
My banjo on my knee.

DIXIE LAND.

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten
Look Away, Look Away, Look Away,
Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'
Look away, Look Away, Look Away,
Dixie Land.

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray; Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stan'
an lib and die in Dixie;
Away, Away, Away down
South in Dixie,
Away, Away, Away, down
South in Dixie.

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELD.

Some folks say that a niggah won't steal
Way down, way down,
Way down yonder in the cornfield.
But I caught two in mah cornfield
Way down, way down,
Way down yonder in the cornfield.
One had a shovel and the other had a hoe,
Way down, way down,
Way down yonder in the cornfield.
Well if dat ain't stealin', I don't know,
Way down, way down,
Way down yonder in the cornfield.

IN THE EVENING.

In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those darkes singing.
In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those banjos ringing.
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang, in the evening by the
moonlight.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old
Kentucky home,
'Tis summer the darkes are gay;
The corntops ripe and the meadows in
bloom,
While the birds make music all the
day;
The young folks roll on the little
cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knockin'
at the door,
Then mh old Kentucky home, good night.

Weep no more my lady, Oh, weep no more
to-day;
We will sing one song for the old
Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days when my heart was
young and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton
fields away;
One from the earth to a better land
I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling,
"Old Black Joe".

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe".

MISSOURI WALTZ.

Hush-a-bye, ma baby, slumber-time is
comin' soon;
Rest yo' haid upon ma brest while
mammy hums a tune.
The sandman is callin' where shadows
are fallin'
While the soft breezed sigh, as in
days long gone by.
'Wat down in Misscurei, where I heard
this melody,
When I was a pickaninny on my mammy's
knee
The darkies were hummin', their banjos
were strummin' so sweet and low.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn
and 'taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in
the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart
an long'd to go.
There's where I labored so hard for
old Massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow
corn,
No place on earth do I love so
Sincerely
Than old Virginny, the state where I
was born.

CHORUS:

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn
and 'taters grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in
the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's heart
am long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There let me live till I wither and
decay,
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I
wandered,
There's where this old darkey's life
will pass away.
Massa and Missis have long gone before
me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and
golden shore,
There we'll be happy and free from
all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and never
part no more.

Chorus.

OLD GRAY BONNET.

Put on your old gray bonnet,
With the blue ribbons on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay;
Thro' the fields of clover, we will
ride to Dover,
On our Golden Wedding day.

SWEET ADELINE.

Sweet Adeline; Sweet Adeline;
My Adeline; My Adeline;
For you, dear heart; for you, dear
heart,
Alone I pine; alone I pine.
In all my dreams; in all my dreams,
Your fair face beams; your fair face
beams.
You're the idol of my heart, Sweet
Adeline.

I LOVE YOU TRULY.

I love you truly, truly, dear,
Life with its sorrow, life with its tears
Fades into dreams when I feel you are
near,
I love you truly, truly dear.

Ah, love 'tis something to feel your
kind hand,
Ah, love 'tis something, by your side
to stand;
Kind is the sorrow, kind doubt and fear
I love you truly, truly, dear.

Love you may take me, love I am yours;
Never to forsake thee, my heart endures
All of the anguish, your hopes and your
fears,
I love you truly, truly, dear.

HARVEST MOON.

Oh, shine on, shine on Harvest Moon
Up in the sky
I ain't had no lovin' since
January, February, June or July.
Snow time ain't no time
To stay out-doors and spoon;
So shine on, shine on Harvest Moon,
For me 'n my gal.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON.

By the light of the silvery moon,
I want to spoon,
To my honey I'll croon love's tune;
Honeymoon, keep a-shinning in June;
Your silvery beams will bring love
dreams,
We'll be cuddling up soon,
By the silvery moon.

MOONLIGHT BAY.

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay
I could hear the darkies singing, they
seemed to say;
"You have stolen my heart, now don't go
away".
As we sang love's old sweet song on
Moonlight Bay.

BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you;
With your eyes of blue,
Dressed in gingham too,
It was there I knew,
That you loved me true;
My village Queen,
Down by the old mill stream.

CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER.

Cuddle up a little closer, lovely mine,
Cuddle up and by my clinging
vine,
Like to feel your cheek so rosy,
Like to make you comfy, cosey,
'Cause I love you from head to toesie,
lovely mine.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE.

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Where the love in your eyes I could a
see,
And the song that I heard,
Was the song of the bird,
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me,
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee,
In the flowers that you sent to me,
With a heart that is true,
I'll be waiting for you,
In the shade of the old apple tree.

MEDLEY.

East-side, West-side,
All around the town,
The tots sanf "Ring-a-Rosie",
"London Bridge is falling down,"
Boys and Girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer true,
I'm half crazy,
All for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!

Sweet Rosie O'Grady
My dear little Rose,
She's my steady lady,
Most everyone knows;
And when we are married,
How happy we'll be;
I love sweet Rosie O'Grady,
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe,
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart!

After the ball is over,
After the break of dawn,
After the dancers leaving,
After the stars are gone,
Many a heart is aching
If you could read them all,
Many's the heart that is breaking,
After the ball.

The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry;
They say such things and they do such
things,
On the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,
I'll never go there any more!

Take me out to the ball-game,
Take me out to the park.
Buy me some peanuts and cracker-jacks,
I don't care if I ever get bback;
For I'll root, root, root for the home
team,
If they don't win it's a shame,

For its one, two, three strikes, your're
out.
At the old ball-game.

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Strolling thro' the shady lanes,
With your baby mine;
You hold her hand, and she holds yours
And thats a very good sign,
That she's your tootsie-wootsie
In the good old summer time.

E-yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay!
E-yip-I-Addt-I-Ay!
I don't care what becomes of me,
When you play that sweet melody.
E-yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay!
My heart wants to holler "Hurray!"
Hurray!
Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
Home was never like this,
E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip,
A bright yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose;
When you caressed me,
'Twas then Heaven blessed me;
What a blessing no one knows.
You made life cheery
When you called me "Dearie",
'Twas down where the blue grass grows;
Your lips were sweeter than julep
When you wore a tulip,
And I wore a big rose.

I WANT A GIRL.

I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old dad;
She was a pearl, and the only girl
That Daddy ever had.
A good old fashioned girl, with heart
so true,
One who loves nobody else but you.
I want a girl just like the girl
That married dear old dad.

BUBBLES.

I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air,
They fly so high, nearly reach the sky,
Then like my dreams, they fade and die,
Fortune's always hiding,
I've looked everywhere;
I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

Smile the while you kiss me fond adieu
When the clouds roll by, I'll come to
you,
Then the skies will seem more blue;
Down the lover's lane, my dearie.
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Every tear will be a memory;
So wait and pray each night for me,
'Till we meet again.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY.

With someone like you,
A pal so good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind and
go and find,
Some place that's known to God alone,
Just a spot to call our own;
We'll find a perfect peace
Where jous would never cease,
Out there beneath the kindly skies.
We'd build a sweet little nest,
Out there in the West,
And let the rest of the world go by.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall
When on the world the mists began to fall
Out of the dreams that rose in happy
throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet
song,
And in the dusk where fell the firelight
gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream,
Just a song at twilight
When the lights are low;
And the flickering shadows
Softly come and go.
Tho' the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old
song,
Come love's old sweet song.

MEMORIES.

Memories, memories, dreams of love so
true,
O'er the sea of memory, I'm drifting
back to you.
Childhood days, wildwood days,
Among the birds and bees,
You left me alone, but you're still
my own,
In my beautiful memories.

DRINK TO ME WITH THINE EYES.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I will not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul does
rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

DEEP IN MY HEART.

Deep in my heart, dear,
I have a dream of you;
Fashioned of starlight
Perfume and roses and dew,
Our paths may sever,
But I'll remember you ever,
Deep in my heart, dear,
Always I'll dream of you.

KISS ME AGAIN.

Sweet summer breeze,
Whispering trees,
Stars shining softly above;
Roses in bloom, wafted perfume,
Sleepy birds dreaming of love.
Safe in your arms, far from alarms,
Daylight shall come, but in vain.
Tenderly pressed close to your breast,
Kiss me: Kiss me again!

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne?
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For the days of Auld Lang Syne!

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR
THE SUNRISE.

Down in the lazy west rides the moon,
Warm as the night in June;
Stars shimmering soft in a bed of blue
While I am calling you;
Sweetly you are dreaming, as the dawn
Comes slowly streaming;
Waken love in your bower,
Greet our trysting hour.

Dear one, the world is waiting for
the sunrise;
Every rose is heavy with dew.
The thrush on high, his sleep mate
is calling,
And my heart is calling you.

ROSE MARIE.

Oh, Rose Marie, I love you;
I'm always dreaming of you.
No matter what I do I can't forget
you,
Sometimes I wish that I had never
met you,
And yet if I should lose you,
'Twould mean my very life to me;
Of all the queens that ever lived I'd
chose you
To rule my Rose Marie.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART.

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.
Let me hear whisper
That you love me true.
Keep the love light glowing
In your eyes so blue,
Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.

GYPSY LOVE SONG

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Dream of the field and the grove;
Can't you hear me, hear me in the dream-
land,
Where your fancies rove?
Slumber on my little gypsy sweetheart,
Wild little woodland dove!
Can you hear the song that tells you
All my hearts true love?

MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows;
You may search everywhere,
But none can compare
With my Wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flower that grows;
And some day for my sake,
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

MY GAL SAL.

They called her frivolous Sal,
Apeculiar sort of a gal;
An all round good fellow
A heart that was mellow had my gal Sal.
Your troubles and sorrows and cares
She was always willing to share,
A wild sort of devil,
But dead on the level,
Was my gal Sal.

I'VE GOT RINGS ON MY FINGERS.

Oh I've got rings on my fingers,
And bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon,
My little Irish Rose.
So come to your Nabob
On next St. Patrick's Day,
Be mistress Mumbo Jumbo,
Jijjy Bo J. O'Shea.

ALICE BLUE GOWN.

In my sweet little Alice Blue Gown,
When I first wandered down into town,
I was both proud and shy,
As I felt every eye,
But in every shop window
I'd primp passing by,
Then in manner of fashion I'd frown;
And the world seemed to smile all around
around,
'Till it wilted I wore it,
I'll always adore it,
My sweet little Alice Blue Gown.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

Gin a body, meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry.

CHORUS.

Every lassie has a laddie,
Name they say ha'e I;
Yet all the lads; they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Among the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But whaur his hame,
Or what his name, I dinna care to tell,

CHORUS.

Gin a body, meet a body,
Comin' rae the town;
Gin a body, meet a body,
Need a body frown?

CHORUS.

HOME SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces,
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home;
A charm from the skies
Seems to hallow us there;
Which, seek through the world,
Is ne'er met elsewhere.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon
As I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now
Now thinks of her child,
As she looks on that moon
From our cottage door
Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance
Shall cheer me no more.

CHORUS.

KEEP THEM ROLLING.

Can't you hear the bugles blowing from
the 'paulings in the park?
Hear the chiefs of section calling, as
we get up in the dark.
Get the smell of slum 'n coffee; hear
them cursing as we load
Right by section! Watch the guidon, and
were out upon the road.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, keep them rolling,
Glory, glory, keep them rolling,
Glory, glory, keep them rolling,
Keep them rolling in the Field Artillery.

When there's sweat upon the leather, and
there's foam upon the hide,
And the "lead" and "swing" together pull
the wheelers into stride,
There's a clanking from the limbers,
there's a kick from pole to pole,
There's a rumble from the caissons as
along the road we roll.

CHORUS.

When the smoke of battle thickens, and
there's blood upon the trail,
Keep the shrapnel moving forward, bursting
through the front like hail,
Do your duty like a scldier; let the
beggars know that we
Are sending what's expected from the
Field Artillery.

CHORUS.

THE GUTS OF THE ARMY.

Well, the doughboys are out in the
trenches,
And the cavalry's out on patrol,
When there's fighting in the air,
The airoplanes are there.
They're all right as far as they go;
But when the real fight starts over
yonder,
It's then that you'll agree
That the guts of the whole damned
Army
Is in the Field Artillery!

ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR.

The sons of the Proohet were brave
men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
But the bravest by far in the ranks
of the Shah,
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

If you wanted a man to encourage the
van,
Or harras the foe from the rear,
Storm fort or redoubt, you had only to
shout
For Abdul Abulbul Amir.

There were heroes a-plenty, and well
known to fame,
In the troops that were led by the Czar;
But the best known of all was a man
by the name
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

He could imitate Irving, play poker an
and pool,
And strum on the Spanish guitar,
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite
team
Was Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

One day this bold russian he shouldered
his gun,
And with his most truculent sneer,
Was looking for fun, when he happened
to run
Upon Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Said Abdul, "Young man, has your life
grown so dull,
That you now wish to end your career?
Vile infidel, know you have trod on the
toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

"So take your last look at this cool,
shady nook,
And send your regrets to the Czar;
By which I imply you are going to die,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar."

Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty
skibouk,
With a cry of "Allah Akbar"
And with murderous intent, he ferociously
went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They fought all that night 'neath the

can't

pale yellow moon;
The din it was heard from afar,

And huge multitudes came, so great was
the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar,

As Abduls long knife was extracting
the life,
In fact as he shouted "Huzzah"
He felt himself struck ny that wily
Calmark,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The Sultan rode up, the disturbance to
quell,
Expecting the victor to cheer;
But he only drew nigh to hear the last
sigh
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovitch, too, in his uniform of
blue,
Rode up in his new crested car.
He arrived just in time to exchange
a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

There's a tomb rising up where the Blue
Danube rolls,
And 'graved there in characters clear
Is, "Stranger, when passing, oh, pray for
the soul
Of Abdul Abul Amir.

A splash in the Black Sea, one dark
moonless night
Caused ripples to spread wide and far,
It was made by a sack, fitting close to
the back
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,
'Neath the light of the pale polar star,
And the name that she murmurs so oft,
as she weeps,
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY.

SAMUEL HALL.

Frankie and Johnny were lovers,
Oh, my God, how they could love;
Swore to be true to each other,
Just as true as the stars above.
He was her man-but he done her wrong.

Frankie was a good girl,
Most everybody knows,
Spent most a hundred dollars
Just buyin' her Johnny clothes,
He was her man-but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner
To get herself a can of beer;
Frankie asked the bartender,
"Have you seen my loving Johnny here?
He is my man-but he's doing me wrong.

The bartender said to Frankie,
"I wouldn't tell you no lies,
Johnny was here 'bout an hour ago
With a girl named Nellie Bly.
He was your man-but he's done you wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner,
This time it wasn't for fun;
Underneath her dirty silk kimona
She carried a forty-four gun
For to kill her man-'cause he'd done
her wrong

Frankie went up to the hop-joint,
Looked in the window so high,
There she sas her lovin' Johnny
Makin' love to Nellie Bly.
He was her man-but he was doin' her
wrong.

Frankie went up to the front door,
And rang the front door-bell,
"Get out of here aoo you dog-gone fools
Or I'll blow you straight to hell!
I'm going to get my man-that's been doin'
me wrong.

Johnny ran down the staircase,
Shoutin' Honey, for God's sake, don't
shoot!"

Frankie answered never a word
But her gun went root-a-toot
She got her man that was doing her wrong.

Turn me over gently, roll me over slow;
The bullet that's right above my heart
Is the one that hurts me so,
I was your man-but I done you wrong.

Oh my neme is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,
Oh, my name is Samuel Hall,
And I hate you one and all
You're a lot of muckers all--
Damn your eyes!

Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,
Oh, I killed a man 'tis said,
And I broke his rotten head
And I left him there for daad,--
Damn his eyes!

They put me in the quad, in the quad,
Oh, they put me in the quad
And they chained me to a rod
Then they left me there, by God!--
Damn their eyes!

Oh, the parson he did come, he did come,
Oh, the parson he did come,
And he looked so bloody glum
As he spoke of kingdom come--
Damn his eyes

Then the sheriff he came too, he came too,
Oh, the sheriff he came too,
With his little boys in blue,
He said, "Sam we're gettin' you"--
Damn his eyes!

I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd,
I saw Nellie in the crowd,
And I hollered right out loud
I said "Nellie, ain't cha proud?"--
Damn her eyes

Then it's up the rope I go, up I go.
Then it's up the rope I go,
And those devils down below
They'll say, "Sam, we told you so"--
Damn their eyes!

Oh, let this be my knell, be my knell,
Oh, let this be my knell,
As ye listen to my yell,
Hope you sizzle down in Hell!--
Damn your eyes!

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tattered
and torn,
Left in this wide world to weep and
to mourn,
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.
Oh, this maid that I loved, she was
handsome and swell,
And I tried all I knew, her to please,
But I never could do it one quarter
as well
As the Man On The Flying Trapeze!

CHORUS.

Oh, he floats thro' the air with the
greatest of ease,
The daring young man on the Flying
Trapeze,
His actions are graceful, all girls
he does please--
And my love he has stolen away!

He'd play with a miss, like a cat with
a mouse,
His eyes would undress every maid in
the house;
Perhaps, he is better described as a
louse,
But still people came just the same.
He'd smile from the bar on the people
below,
And one night he smiled on my love;
She blew him a kiss, and she hollered
"Bravo".
As he hung from his nose above!--

CHORUS.

I wept and I whimpered, I simpered for
weeks,
While she spent all her time with the
circus's freaks,
The tears were like hail-stones that
rolled down my cheeks,
Alas, and alak, and alaska.
I went to this fellow, this blackguard
and said,
"I'll see that you get your desserts."
His thumb to his nose he put up with
a sneer
He sneered once again and said, "Nertz"

CHORUS.

One night to his tent, he invited her
in;
Filled her with compliments, kisses
and gin,
That started her off on the road to
ruin
She made the supreme sacrifice.
But ev'n tho' I loved her I said
"Take my name,
I will gladly forgive and forget!"
She rustled her bustle, and then with-
out shame
She said, "Maybe later, not yet!"

CHORUS.

One night I as usual went to her home,
Found there her father and mother alone,
I asked for my love, and soon 'twas
known
To my horror, that she'd run away!
Without any trousseau, she fled in the
night
With him the greatest of ease,
From two stories high, he had lowered
her down
To the ground on his flying trapeze!

CHORUS.

Some months after that, I went into a
hall
And to my surprise I found there on a
wall,
A bill in red letters, which did my
heart gall,
That she was appearing with him.
He'd taught her gymnastics, and dressed
her in tights
To help him to live at his ease;
He'd made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze!

CHORUS.

Oh, she floats thro' the air, with the
greatest of ease;
You'd think her a man on the Flying
Trapeze!
Her actions are graceful, all girls
she does please,
And that's what's become of my love!

THE SCOTCH TATTOOED LADY.

I paid a schilling to see, that Scotch
Tattooed Lady
Tattooed from head to knee, she was a
sight to see.
Just across her jaw was the Royal
Flying Corps
And on her back waved a Union Jack,
Could anybody ask for more?
All up and down her spine
Stood the King's own guard in line.
And strewn across her hips
Was a fleet of battleships.
And just beneath one kidney
Was a birds-eye view of Sydney,
But what I liked best,
Right on her chest
Was my home in Tennessee.

A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

There's a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down,
sits him down,---
And drinks hid wine as merry as can be--
And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS.

Fare-the-well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee.
But remember that the best of friends
must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, yes
adieu,---
I can no longer stay with you, stay
with you,
I'll hang my heart on a weeping willow
tree
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel
dark---
Each Friday night they used to spark,
used to spark---
And now my love once ever true to me--
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

CHORUS.

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep,
wide and deep---
Lay tomb-stones at my head and feet,
And on my breast just carve a turtle
dove,
To signify I died for love.

CHORUS.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

I was in service down in Drury Lane,
The master he was good to me, the
mistress was the same,
And ther I met a sailor, happy as
could be,
And he was the author of all my misery,

CHORUS:

Singing, Bell Bottom Trousers, coats of
Navy blue.
Let him climb the rigging like his
Daddy used to do.

He asked me for a candle to light his
way to bed.
He asked me for a handkerchief to tie
around his head.
And I, foolish maiden, thinking it no
harm
Jumped into the sailor's bed, to keep
the sailor warm.

CHORUS.

Early in the morning, before the break
o'day,
A five pound note he gave to me, and
with it he did say:
"Take this, my darling, for the damage
I have done.
Maybe you'll have a daughter and maybe
you'll have a son.
And if you have a daughter, bounce her
on your knee,
And if you have a son, send the
bastard out to sea.

CHORUS

So listen, my children, to my girlish
plea,
Never trust a sailor an inch above
your knee,
I trusted one once, and he put out to
sea,
Leaving me a-sitting with a daughter
on my knee.

CHORUS.

YOU ROLL A SILVER DOLLAR

You roll a silver dollar
Down on the ground,
And it rolls because it's round.
A woman never knows
What a good man she's gotten
'Til she turns him down.
Now listen, children, listen to me
For I want you to understand:
As a dollar goes from hand to hand,
So a woman goes from man to man.

TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

I was born about ten thousand years ago,
And there's not a thing in hist'ry I
don't know.
I saw Peter, Paul, Moses playing
ring around the roses,
And I'll lick the guy that says it isn't
so.

I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door;
I'm the guy that picked the fig leaves
that they wore.
When the apple they were eating, I was
'round the corner peeking.
I can prove that it was I that ate the
core.

I saw Jonah when he sailed within the
whale,
And I thought he would never live to tell
the tale.
But old Jonah'd eaten garlic so he
gave the whale colic
And he coughed him up and let him out
jail.

I saw Absalom a-hanging by his hair;
When they built the wall of China, I
was there.
I saved King Solomon's life and
he offered me a wife.
I said, "Now your talking business,
have a chair."

The Queen of Sheba fell in love with me.
We were married in Milwaukee secretly.
In Washington I shook her, just to join
with General Hooker
Chasing skeeters out of sunny Tennessee.

WILLIE THE WEEPER.

Hark to the story of Willie the Weeper,
Willie the Weeper was a chimney sweeper. con't next page.

He had the hop habit and he had it bad,
Oh, listen while I tell you 'bout the
dream he had.

He went to a hop-joint the other night,
When he knew that the lights would all
be burning bright,
He called for the chink to bring him
some "hop"
And he smoked and smoked----thought he
never would stop.

He rolled and he smoked 'bout a million
pills.
He said, "These will cure all my aches
and ills."
The first thing he knew, he fell asleep,
And dreamt he was sailing on the briny
deep.

He started playing poker when he left the
land.
He won a million dollars on the very
first hand.
First thing he knew he had the bank
broke
And then he settled down for a quiet
smoke.
They came to a place they called Siam.
He scratched his eyes and said, "I wonder
where I am."
In Siam he won a million more,
And he left for Monte Carlo 'cause the
King got sore.

In Monte Carlo he started to play
roulette;
He won another million----couldn't lose
a bet.
First thing he knew he had the bank
broke,
So he bought a million worth hop to
smoke

He says, "I'll lead a life that's free
from care and toil,"
So he bought himself a barrel of peanut
oil,
A ruby branch and a diamond tree,
And lots of friends to keep him company

He says, "I'll buy a steamboat all my own
We'll load her up with money and we'll
sail for home.

We'll let her go 'til she wants to stop,
While we count our money and we smoke
our hop'."

One day while Willie took a quiet
smoke,
The ship struck a rock and Willie
awoke.
His money was all gone and his dream
was o'er,
And he's sweeping chimneys as he was
before.

DON'T SWAT YER MOTHER, BOYS.

Home ward to their mother,
Two working men did come,
Weary with their honest toil,
And lighted up with rum.
Supper was not ready,
One aimed a brutal blow,
When the blue-eyed baby stopped him,
Saying, "Brothers, don't do so!"

CHORUS.

"Don't swat yer mother, boys, just 'cause
she's old!
Don't mop the floor with her face.
Think how her love is a treasure of
gold,
Shining thru' shame and disgrace.
Don't put the rocking chair next to
her eye;
Don't bounce the lamp off her beam!
Angels are watching you up in the sky;
Don swat yer mother; It's mean!"

Anger was arrested;
The strong men bowed in tears;
They were kinder to their parent
Through her few remaining years.
Now her place is vacant,
Of her they sit and dream,
While the memories awakened
In their hearts to say will seem:

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY

For we think it is quite right, sir
On our regular Saturday night, sir
To get most gloriously tight, sir
To drive dull care away
To drive dull care away
To drive dull care away
It's a way we have in the Army
It's a way we have in the Army
It's a way we have in the Army
To drive dull care away.

THE FOGGY DEW.

Now, I am a bach'lor and live alone,
And I work at the weavers trade,
And the only, only thing I ever did wront
Was to woo a pretty, pretty maid .
I wooed her in the summer-time
And in the winter too,
And the only thing I ever did wrong
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy
dew.

One night she came to my bed-side
When I was fast asleep.
She threw her arms around my neck
And then she began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she damned near died,
My Gawd, what could I do?
"Come hop into bed, little maid, "I said"
"And I'll shield you from the foggy,
foggy dew."

Now, I am a bach'lor and live with my son,
And we work at the weavers trade.
And every, every time I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of the pretty, pretty maid.
He reminds me of the summeer-time,
And of the winter too,
And the many, many times that I held
her in my arms
Just to shield her from the foggy,
foggy dew.

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER

Give a rouse then in the May time
For a heart that knows no fear
Turn night time into day time
With the sunlight of good cheer.
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together
With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear.
For it's birds of a feather
When good fellows get together
With astein on the table
And a good song ringing clear.

ZAMBOANGA

I'M AN OLD COWHAND.

Oh,,the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga I'm an old cowhand from the Rio
 Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga Grande,
 Oh, the monkeys have no tails, But my legs ain't bowed
 They were bitten off by whales, And my cheeks ain't tanned.
 Oh, the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga. I'm a cow-boy who never saw a cow,
 Never roped a steer 'cause I don't
 Oh we won't go back to Subic anymore, ect. know how,
 Where they mix our wine with Tubic. And I sho' ain't fixin to start in
 now.
 Oh, the carabao have no hair in Mindanao Yipp-py-I-O,Ki-Ay--Yip-py-I-O,Ki-Ay.
 ect.
 And they run around wuite bare. I'm an old cowhand from the Rio
 Grande,
 Oh, the fishes wear no skirts in And I learned to ride
 Iloilo, ect, 'Fore I learned to stand,
 But they all have undershirts, I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date,
 I know every trail in the Lone Star
 Oh, the birdies have no feet in Mariveles, State,
 ect. 'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V
 Eight.
 They were barned off by the heat. Yip-py-I-O,Ki-Ay.--Yip-py-I-O,Ki-Ay

Oh, we'll all go up to China in the
 springtime, ect.
 Oh, we'll hop aboard a liner, I can think
 of nothing finer.

RAG-TIME COWBOY JOE.

Oh, hear him sing raggy music to the
 cattle
 As he swings back and forward in his
 saddle
 On a horse that is syncopated, gaited,
 And there's a funny meter
 To the roar of his repeater,
 How they run when they see that
 fellows gun.
 Cos the Western folks all know
 He's a high-fallutin', shootin'
 scootin' son-of-a-gun from Arizona,
 Rag-time cowboy Joe.

AND WHEN I DIE

And when I die,
 Don't bury me at all,
 Just pickle my bones
 In alcohol.
 Put a bottle of booze
 At my head and feet.
 And then I'll know
 My bones will keep.

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio
 Grande,
 And I came to town
 Just to hear the band,
 I know all the songs that the cow-
 boys know,
 'Bout the big corral where the dogies
 go,

ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK.

Oh, we had an old hen, and she had a
 wooden leg;
 And every morning she used to lay
 an egg.
 She was the best old hen that we had
 on the farm,
 And another little drink wouldn't do
 us any harm.

Oh, we had an old cow, and she had a
 swishy tail,
 And when we milked her, we used a
 wooden pail.
 She was the best old cow that we had
 on the farm,
 And another little drink wouldn't do
 any harm.

I'VE GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN

Oh, I ain't got no use for the women,
A true one may never be found.
They use a man for his money.
When it's gone they turn him down.
They're all alike at the bottom
Selfish and grasping for all,
They'll stick by a man when he's winning
And laugh in his face at his fall.

My pal was a straight young puncher,
Honest and upright and square,
But he turned to a gun-man and gambler
And a women sent them there.
He fell in with evil companions,
The kind that are better off dead;
When a vaquero insulted her picture
He filled him full of lead.

All night long they trailed him
Through mesquite and chapral
And I couldn't but think of the woman
As I saw him pitch and fall.
If she'd been the pal that she should of
He might have been raising a son,
Instead of out there on the prairie
To fall by a ranger's gun.

Death's slow sting did not trouble;
His chances for life were too slim,
But where they were putting his body
Was all that worried him.
He lifted his head on his elbow,
The blood from his wound flowed red;
He looked at his pals grouped about him,
And whispered to them and said:

"Oh bury me out on the prairie
Where the coyotes may howl o'er my
grave;
Bury me out on the prairie
And some of my bones please save,
Wrap me up in my blankets
And bury me deep 'neath the ground;
Oh, cover me over with boulders
Of granite, huge and round."

So they buried him out on the prairie
And the coyotes still howl o'er his
grave;
But now his soul is a-resting
From the unkind cut she gave.
And many a similar puncher
As he rides past that pile of stones,
Recalls some similar woman,
And envies his mouldering bones.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo
roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night where the heavens
are bright,
With the lights from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as
I gazed,
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

CHORUS.

Oh, give me a land where the bright
diamond sand,
Flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes
gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

CHORUS.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs
so free,
The breezes so balmy and light;
That I would not exchange my home on
the range,
For all the cities so bright.

CHORUS

UPON THE HILL.

Upon the hill there is a little still,
An its smoke curls up to the sky.
You can always tell by a sniffle and
a smell,
There is liquor in the air close by.
Its fragrance rare fills the air;
'Tis known to only a few;
So pucker up your lips and we'll
have some little sips
Of good old mountain dew.

HEIDELBERG

Better than riches and earthly wealth,
Are the friend we have in college,
Brimming with happiness, hope,
And health, and fill'd with a love devine.

But better by knowledge we gain by
stealth,
Is a heart that's always jolly,
So come let us clink and then
Let us drink, a toast with a
Brimming stein.

Here's to the land that gave us birth,
Here's to the flag she flies,
Here's to her sons, the best on earth,
Here's to her bright blue skies,
Here's to the girl who waits for me,
True as the skies above,
Here's to the day, when mine
She'll be, here's to the girl I love.

Oh, Heidelberg, Dear Heikelberg,
Thy sons we'll never forget,
The golden haze of school room days,
Is round about us yet.

Those days of your will come no more
But in the future years,
The tho't of you so good, so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears,
The thought of you so good,
So true, will fill your eyes
With tears.

THE DRINKING FUSILEERS.

Eyes right, lets get tight, tonight our
night to roar
We're the boys who make the noise
You've never heard before
We would rather drink than fight
We are the terrors of the night
We're the Rounder-Uppers of the Revelree
Toss the bottle up! Toss the bottle up.
We can prove that we can take it ever-
more-or-or-ore
Yah! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Yah! Ha! Ha! Ha! Hee!
We're the Rounder-Uppers of the Revelree!

LITTLE BROWN JUG.

My wife and I live all alone,
In a little brown hut we call our own
She loves gin and I love rum,
Tell you what don't we have fun.

CHORUS.

Ha! Ha! Ha! you and me
Little Brown Jug, how I love thee!
Ha! Ha! Ha! you and me,
Little Brown Jug, how I love thee!

If I had a cow that gave such milk
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay,

CHORUS.

'Tis you who makes my friends and foes
'Tis you who makes me wear old Clothes
Here we are so near my nose
So tip her up and down she goes.

CHORUS.

If all the folks in Adam's race
Were put together in one place
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear
Before I'd part with you, my dear.

CHORUS.

SOUSE FAMILY

Drunk last night and drunk the night
before,
Gonna get drunk tonight
If we never get drunk no more,
For when we're drunk we're as happy
as happy as can be
For we are the members of the souse family
Sing! Glorious! Glorious!
One keg of beer for the four of us,
Glory be to God that there are no
more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone!

WHISKEY JOHNNIE.

Oh, whiskey is the life of man.
Whiskey Johnnie.
Oh, whiskey is for the life of man.
Whiskey for my Johnnie.
Oh, whiskey makes me pawn my clothes,
Whiskey Johnnie.
And whiskey gave me this red nose.
Whiskey for my Johnnie.
Oh, whiskey killed my poor old dad,
Whiskey Johnnie.
And whiskey druv' my mother mad.
Whiskey for my Johnnie.
Oh, whiskey up and whiskey down;
Whiskey Johnnie.
And whiskey all around the town.
Whiskey for my Johnnie.
Oh, whiskey here and whiskey there;
Whiskey Johnnie.
It's I'll have whiskey ev'rywhere.
Whiskey for my Johnnie.
Oh, whiskey is the life of man;
whiskey Johnnie.
It's Whiskey in an old tin can.
Whiskey for my Johnnie.

THE PIG SONG.

It was back in last November,
How well do I remember,
I was staggering down the street in
drunken pride,
When my feet began to stutter,
So I lay down in the gutter,
And a pig came up and lay down by my
side.
As I lay there in the gutter,
My heart was all a-flutter,
And a lady passing by was heard to say:
You can tell a man that boozes by the
company he chooses;
And the dog-gone pig got up and
walked away.

HAND ME DOWN MY BOTTLE OF CORN.

Hand me down my bottle of corn,
Hand me down my bottle of corn, corn, corn.
Hand me down my bottle of corn
I'm gonna get drunk just as sure as
you're born,
'Cause all my people think I'm away.
Hand me down my bottle of rye,
Hand me down my bottle of rye, rye, rye.
Hand me down my bottle of rye
I can take one more and still get by,
And all my people think I'm away.
Hand me down my bottle of Scotch,
Hand me down my bottle of Scotch, Scotch
Scotch
Hand me down my bottle of Scotch
I can take another, for there's no one
to watch,
Cause all my people think I'm away.
Hand me down my bottle of gin,
Hand me down my bottle of gin, gin, gin,
Hand me down my bottle of gin,
I can take one more, for it ain't no sin,
And all my people think I'm away.
Hand me down a glass of water,
Hand me down a glass of water, water
water.
Hand me down a glass of water,
I'll try to drink it, but I hadn't ought--
er
And all my people think I'm away.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME.

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired an' I want to go to bed;
Had a little drink 'bout 'n hour ago
An' it's gone right to my head.
Wherever I may roam,
You can always hear me singing this
song
Show me the way to go home.

THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Morrie's
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old temple bar we love so
well.
See the whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a
spell.
Yes, the magic of their singing and the
songs we loved so well
"Shall I be Wasting" and "Mavoureen"
and the rest.
We will serenade our Louie, while life
and voice shall last
And we'll pass and be forgotten with
the rest.
(Chorus)
We're poor little lambs who have lost
our way
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who have gone
astray
Baa! Baa! Baa!
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Doomed from here to eternity
Lord have mercy on such as we!
Baa! Baa! Baa!

THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG

Over hill, over dale
We have hit the dusty trail
And those Caissons go rolling along.
(Counter march. Right about)
Hear those wagon soldiers shout,
While those Caissons go rolling along.
For it's: Hi Hi Hee in the Field Artillery,
Call off your numbers loud and strong.
You will always know
That those Caissons are rolling along.
(Keep them rolling)
That those Caissons are rolling along.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

On top of Old Smoky
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover
Come a courtin' too slow.
A courtin's a pleasure
But parting is grief
And a false hearted lover
Will send you to your grave.
She'll hug you and kiss you
And tell you more lies,
Than the cross ties on the railroad
Or the stars in the sky.

HIGHBALLS ROLLING ON THE GROUND

I wish't I lived in a sunny clime
Where barrels of booze a-bound
Sloe gin rickeys hanging on the trees,
And highballs rolling on the ground?
Not highballs rolling on the ground.
Yes, highballs rolling on the ground.

I wish't I lived in a sunny clime
Where cocktails never fail.
Fields of rye on either hand,
But no mention of ginger-ale
No, no mention of ginger-ale

I wish't I lived in a sunny clime
Where fifty follar bills a-bound
Twenty dollar gold pieces hanging on
the trees,
And loose change rolling on the ground.
Not loose change rolling on the ground?
Yes, loose change rolling on the ground.

HERE'S TO GOOD OLD WHISKEY.

Here's to good old whiskey, drink it
down, drink it down.
Here's to good old whiskey, drink it
down, drink it down.
Here's to good old whiskey, it makes
you feel so frisky
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it
down.

Here's to good old beer, drink it down,
drink it down,
Here's to good old beer, drink it down
drink it down,
Here's to good old beer, for it makes
you feel so queer,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it
down.

Here's to good old cider, etc.
For it makes your waistcoat wider.

Here's to good old liquer, etc.
For it makes you happy quicker.

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Eastside, Westside
All around the town
The girls sang ring-around-rosie
London Bridge is falling down
Boys and girls together
Me and Mamie O'Rourke
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream
Where I first met you
With your eyes so blue
Dressed in gingham too
It was there I knew
That you loved me true
You were sixteen, my village queen
Down by the old mill stream.

GRAND OLD FLAG

You're a grand old flag
You're a high flyin' flag
And forever in peace may you wave
You are the emblem of the land I love
The home of the free and the brave
Every heart beats true for the red white
and blue
Where there's never a boast or brag
Should old acquaintance be forgot
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

HARRIGAN

H-A double R-I-G-A-N spells Harrigan
Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me
Devil's a man that can say a word again
me
H-A double R-I-G-A-N you see
It's a name that a shame never has been
connected with
Harrigan that's me.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
A Yankee Doodle do or die
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam
Born on the fourth of July
I've a Yankee Doodle Sweetheart
She's my Yankee Doodle Joy
Oh Yankee Doodle went to London
Just to ride the ponies
I am that Yankee Doodle boy.

GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

In the good old summer time
In the good old summer time
Strolling down the shady lane
With your baby mine

GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME CONT'D

She holds your hand and you hold hers
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsy-wootsy
In the good old summertime.

SEVEN OLD LADIES LOCKED IN THE LAVET'RY

Oh dear what can the matter be
Seven old ladies locked in the lavet'ry
They were there from Monday till
Saturday

But nobody knew they were there.
The first to come in was old Mrs. Flynn
She prided herself on being so thin
But when she sat down the poor dear
fell in

And nobody knew she was there.
(Chorus)

The next to come in was old Mrs. Bender
She came in to fix up a broken suspender
It snapped and injured her feminine
gender

And nobody knew she was there.
(Chorus)

The third to come in was old Mrs. Humphrey
Who when she sat down she found it quite
comfy

When she tried to get up she could not
get her rump free
And nobody knew she was there.
(Chorus)

The fourth to come in was old Mrs. Brews-
ter

She couldn't see as well as she use to
She sat on the handle and sworesomeone
goosed her
And nobody knew she was there.
(Chorus)

The next to go in was old Mrs. Slaughter
She was the Duke of Effingham's daughter
She went there to pass off superfluous
water

And nobody knew she was there.
(Chorus)

The sixth to go in was old Mrs. Murray
Who had to go in a hell of a hurry
But when she got there it was too late to
worry

And nobody knew she was there.
(Chorus)

The last to go in was old Mrs. Sickie
She hurdled the door cause she hadn't
a nickle

Caught her foot in the bowl; what a hell
of a pickle

And nobody knew she was there.

(24) (Chorus)

LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR

T'was a cold winter evening
The guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned 'round and said
To the lady in red - Get Out!
You can't sleep where you are
She wept a sad tear
In her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead
When a gentleman dapper stepped out
Of the phone booth
And these are the words that he said:
Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of Navy men
And how they come and go
Though age has taken her beauty
And sin has left its deep scar
Just think of your mother and sisters
boys
And let her sleep under the bar.

WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME

Gee, but it's great after being out late,
Walking my baby back home
Arm in arm, over meadow and farm
Walking my baby back home.
We go along harmonizing a song
Or reciting a poem
Owls go by, and they give me the eye
We stop for awhile - She gives me a
smile
And snuggles her head to my Chest
We start in to pet, And that's when I get
Her talcum all over my vest
After I kind-a straighten my tie
She has to borrow my comb
One kiss, then I continue again
Walking my Baby back home.

HEART OF MY HEART

Heart of my heart, how I love that
melody
Heart of my heart, bring back fond
memories
When we were kids on the corner of the
Square
We were rough and ready guys
But oh how we could harmonize, to
Heart of my heart, how friends were
dearer then
Too bad we had to part
I know a tear would glisten
If once more I could listen
To that gang that sang, heart of my
heart.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

The girl of my dreams is the sweetest
girl
Of all the girls I know
Each sweet coed like a rainbow trail
Fades in the after glow
The blue of her eyes and the gold of
her hair
Are a blend of the western sky
And the moonlight beams
On the girl of my dreams
She's the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

MY BLUE HEAVEN

When whip-poor-wills call and ev'ning
is nigh
I hurry to my blue heaven
A turn to the right
A little white light
Will lead you to my blue heaven
You'll see a smiling face, a fireplace,
a cozy room
A little nest that's nestled where the
roses bloom
Just Mollie and Me
And baby makes three
We're happy in my blue heaven.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey;
You'll never know dear,
How much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away.
The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamt I held you in my arms; but
when I awoke, Dear
I was mistaken, and I hung my head
and I cried.
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are gray;
You'll never know dear,
How much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away.

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh! we ain't got a barrel of money
Maybe we're ragged and funny
But we'll travel along
Singin' a song side by side
Don't know what's comin' tomorrow
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow
But we'll travel the road
Sharin' our load side by side
Thru all kinds of weather
What if the sky should fall
Just as long as we're together -(Cont'd)

SIDE BY SIDE CONT'D

It doesn't matter at all
When they've all had their quarrels
and parted
We'll be the same as we started
Just trav'lin' along
Singin' a song side by side.

STRAWBERRY BLONDE

Casey would waltz with the strawberry
blonde
And the band played on
He'd glide cross the floor with the girl
He adored
And the band played on
But his brain was so loaded
It nearly exploded
The poor girl would shake with alarm
He'd ne'er leave the girl with the straw-
berry curl.
And the band played on.

STOUT HEARTED MEN

Give me some men, who are stout hearted
men
Who will fight for the right they adore
Start me with ten who are stout hearted
men
And I'll soon give you ten thousand more
Oh, shoulder to shoulder and bolder and
bolder
They grow as they go to the fore
Then there's nothing in this world can
halt or mar a plan
When stout hearted men
Can stick together man to man.

MACNAMARA'S BAND

O me name is MacNamara
I'm the leader of the band
Although we're few in number
We're the finest in the land
We play at wakes and weddings
And at every fancy ball
And when we play at funerals
We play the best of all.
O the drums go bang and the cymbals
clang
And the horns they blaze away
McCarthy pumps the old bazoon
While I the pipes do play
And Hennessy Tennessy tootles the
flute
And the music is simply grand
A credit to old Ireland is
MacNamara's band.
Da da dah - etc.

MACNAMARA'S BAND CONT'D

Right now we are rehearsing
For a very sweet affair
'Tis the annual celebration
All the gentry will be there
When General Grant to Ireland came
He took me by the hand
Says he, I never saw the likes
Of MacNamara's band.

(Chorus)

O me name is Uncle Yulius playing
with an Irish band
O I wear a bunch of shamrocks
And a uniform of green
And I'm the funniest looking Swede
That you have ever seen
There's O'Briens and Ryans and
Moochans and Sheehans
They come from Ireland
But by jiminy I'm the only Swede
In MacNamaras band.

(Chorus)

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure 'tis like a morn in spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing
When Irish eyes are happy
All the world seems bright and gay
But when Irish eyes are smiling
Sure they'll steal your heart away.

CONEY ISLAND BABY

Goodbye my Coney Island Baby
Farewell my own true love
I'm gonna sail away and leave you
Never to see you any --
Never gonna sail upon a ferry boat
Never to return again
So, goodbye, farewell, so-long forever
Goodbye my Coney Island,
Goodbye my Coney Island,
Goodbye my Coney Island Babe.
We all fall for
Some girl that dresses neat
Some girl that's got big feet
You meet her on the street
Then we'll join the army of married
boobs
To the alter, just like leading lambs to
slaughter
When it's over, oh boy we'll get it good
Bachelor days we'll then recall
Rich man, poor man, beggar man,
thief
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief
(26) We all are bound for--(Repeat first part)

PRETTY BABY

Ev'rybody loves a baby that's why I'm
in love with you
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby
And I'd like to be your sister, brother,
dad and mother too
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby
Won't you come and let me rock you in
my cradle of love
And we'll cuddle all the time
Oh I want a lovin' baby and it might as
well be you
Pretty Baby of mine

ON, BRAVE OLD ARMY TEAM

(Chorus)
On Brave Old Ar-my team.
On to the fray - Fight On to Vic-to-ry-
For that fearless Ar-my Way.
(Whistle) Repeat chorus after this

MOUNTAIN DEW

My brother Bill's got a still on the
hill where he runs off a gallon or
two
And the buzzards in the sky
Get so drunk they can't fly
Just from breathin' that good old moun-
tain dew.
Oh they call it that old mountain dew
dew, dew
And them that refuse it are few
Oh I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill
up my jug
With that good old mountain dew.
Now my Uncle Mort he is sawed off and
short
He don't measure over four feet two
But if you give him a pint
He will feel like a giant
Just from drinkin' that good old moun-
tain - dew.
(Chorus)
There's an old hollar tree down the road
here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Then you go 'round the bend
And when you come back again
There's a jug of that good old moun-
tain dew.
(Chorus)
The Preacher rode by with his high
hat and tie
And he said his wife had the flu -

MOUNTAIN DEW CONT'D

So he bought her a pint
And she'll be all right
Just from drinkin' that good old
mountain dew.

(Chorus)

My sister June bought some Paris perfume
That had a sweet smellin' phew
But much to her surprise
When she had it analyzed
It was only that good old mountain dew
(Chorus)

QUARTERMASTER'S SONG

For it's beer-beer-beer
That wants to make you cheer
In the corps- in the corps
For it's beer-beer-beer
That wants to make you cheer
In the quartermaster's corps.
Refrain: My eyes are dim - I cannot see
I have not got my specks with me.
For it's Pepsi-Pepsi-Pepsi
That makes you feel so sexy
In the quartermaster's corps.
Refrain: Repeat.
For it's gin-gin-gin
That makes you want to sin
In the corps - in the corps
That makes you want to sin
In the quartermaster's corps.
Refrain: Repeat.
For it's water-water-water
That makes you think you oughta
In the corps - in the corps
For it's water-water-water
What makes you think you oughta
In the quartermaster's corps.
Refrain: Repeat
For it's sherry-sherry-sherry
That makes you feel so merry
In the quartermaster's corps.
Refrain: Repeat.
For it's rum-rum-rum
That makes you feel so bum
In the corps - in the corps; For it's rum-
rum-rum that makes you feel so bum
In the quartermaster's corps.

CAROLINA MOON

Carolina Moon keep shining
Shining on the one who waits for me
Carolina moon I'm pining
Pining for the place I long to be
How I'm hoping tonight you'll go
Go to the right window
Scatter your light, say I'm all right
Please do tell her that I'm blue and
lonely
Dreamy Carolina Moon

EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight
You could hear those darkies singin'
In the evening by the moonlight
You could hear de banjo ringin'
How the old folks would enjoy it
They would sit all night and listen
As we sang in the evening by the
moonlight

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

I wonder who's kissing her now
I wonder who's teaching her how
I wonder who's looking into her eyes
Breathing sighs, telling lies
I wonder who's buying the wine
For the lips that I used to call mine
I wonder if she ever tells him of me
I wonder who's kissing her now.

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going
We will miss your bright eyes and
sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sun-
shine
That brightens our pathway awhile
Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember the Red River Valley
And the girl who has loved you so true.

FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing for me and my gal
The birds are singing for me and my gal
Everybody's been knowing to a wed-
ding their going
And for weeks they've been sewing
Every Susie and Sal
They're congregating for me and my gal
The parson's waiting for me and my gal
And someday we'll build a little home
for two
Or three or four or more
In Loveland for me and my gal.

FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before
One leaf is sunshine the second is rain
Third is the roses that grow in the lane
No need explaining the one remaining
Is somebody I adore
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before.

"OUR SONG"

(To the tune of the Wiffenpoof)
To the tables down at Little Creek
To the place where we all dwell
To the dear old Patio Bar we love so well
Sing the motley crew assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the horror of their singing
Sounds like hell.
Yes the horror of their singing
Of the songs that should sound well
While we're wasting all the morning
and the night
We will serenade each other
While life and limb shall last
'Till we've passed out and been
forgotten in the fight
We're poor Amphibs who have gone
astray
Baa baa baa
We drink and sing our sorrows
away, Baa baa baa
Officers, gentlemen, we try to be
So please don't send us back to sea
Bartender please mix a drink for me
Baa baa baa
At the Choir Practice nightly
All the songs are sweet and low
'Till that good old Demon Rum begins
to flow
Then tonsils they get rusty
And the voices get off key
And the wives declare that now they
have to go
Then the women leave discretely
And the songs get more risqué
And tales of the war told by those who
fly
They fight the war in Korea
And the war in Norfolk too
And each other tries to tell a bigger lie
We are members of the Little Creek
Choir
La la la
We will sing any song that you desire
La la la
Whiskey-tenors we profess to be
Full of Scotch-type energy
Hope we live on past this spree
La la la.

SONGS OF THE CAVALRYMAN

A GAY YOUNG CAVALRYMAN

I'm a gay young cavalryman
And I ride (drink,hunt) whenever I can
And when I get my fill---
I can always ride (drink,hunt) just a
 little more still,
I'm a gay young cavalryman.

I'm the wife of a cavalryman
And I dance(bridge,drink) whenever I can
And when I get my fill---
I can always dance(bridge,drink) just a
 little more still,
I'm the wife of a cavalryman.

ARMY VERSION--

Oh, there must be high elation
When they all go out to station,
Their sixteen inch guns shoot both
 fore and aft.
They're bold sailors on a spree
But they're mostly sick at sea,
When they head her for the rocks and
 make her fast

CHORUS.

Have I heard of the Navy?
Yes, I've heard of the Navy,
And I'm just a little tired of
 hearing too,
So we'll drink a merry toast
To the men who love to boast,
They're the wearers of the good
 old Navy Blue.

Oh, the skippers of the freighters,
They sometime read the papers, and
I wonder what they think of our Navee
From the Admiral on the bridge,
To the lowest midship ridge,
They have run aground in all the
 seven seas.

CHORUS.

CAPTAIN JINKS

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I feed my horse on corn and beans,
And sport young ladies in their teens
Tho a Captain in the Army.

CAPTAIN JINKS (Cont'd)

I teach the ladies how to dance,
How to dance, how to dance
I teach the ladies how to dance
For I'm the pet of the Army.

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I feed my horse on corn and beans,
And often live beyond my means,
Tho a Captain in the Army.

I joined my corps when twenty-one,
Of course I thought it captail fun;
When the enemy comes of course I run,
For I'm not cut out for the Army.

The first time I went out for drill
The bugler sounding made me ill,
Of the battlefield I'd had my fill
For I'm not cut out for the Army.

The Officers they all did shout,
They all did shout, they all did shout,
The Officers they all did shout,
"Why! Kick him out of the Army!"

FIELD ARTILLERY SONG (1936 REVISION)

(With an apologetic salute to
Col.E.L. Gruber)

By Fairfax Downey.

Over hill, over dale, motorized from
 head to tail,
With the caissons and hosses all gone.
Stop to fix up a flat, or to get the
 captain's hat.
Motor trucks with pieces hooked on.

CHORUS:

Then it's high, high, see! the Field
Artillery Sound off your Klaxon loud
And strong!

SQUAWK, SQUAWK!

No more we'll go, with a team in low,
If our motors keep buzzin' along.

See the red guidon struck on the off
 side of a truck,
With caissons and hosses all gone.
Gone are nose-bags and grass, as we
 feed with oil and gas.
Motor trucks with pieces hooked on.

FIELD ARTILLERY SONG (Cont'd)

By the roadside we stop for some hot
dogs and some pop,
With the caissons and hosses all gone.
Now we halt after dark and at tourist
camps we park.
Motor trucks with pieces hooked on.

CHORUS:

Hear the bold bugles blow (amplified
by radio)
With caissons and hosses all gone.
Shove 'er, guy, into high, as the
green lights flicker by.
Motor trucks with pieces hooked on.

CHORUS:

If our engines go dead, won't our faces
all get red!
With caissons and hosses all gone.
For the foemen, of course, will yell at
us, "Get a horse!"
Motor trucks with pieces hooked on.

FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS.

For seven long years, I courted Nancy,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river,
For seven long years, I courted Nancy,
Ha! Ha! We're bound away o'er the Wild
Missour' Ride.

She would not have me for her lover,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river,
She would not have me for her lover,
Ha! Ha! We're bound away o'er the Wild
Missour' Ride.

Because I was a Cavalry soldier,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river,
Because I was a Cavalry Soldier,
Ha! Ha! We're bound away o'er the Wild
Missour' Ride.

And then she went to Kansas City,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river,
And then she went to Kansas City,
Ha! Ha! We're bound away o'er the Wild
Missour' Ride.

And so she took my fifteen dollars,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river,
And so she took my fifteen dollars,
Ha! Ha! We're bound away o'er the Wild
Missour' Ride.

FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS.

She must have had another lover,
Hi! Ho! the rolling river,
She must have had another lover,
Ha! Ha! We're bound away o'er the Wild
Missour' Ride.

A-drinking rum and chawin' tobacco.
Hi! Ho! the rolling river,
A-drinking rum and chawin' tobacco.
Ha! Ha! We're bound away o'er the Wild
Missour' Ride.

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON.

Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon
She wore it from October until the
month of May;
And when they asked her why the hell
she wore it,
She said she wore it for her lover who
was far, far away.

CHORUS

Far away! Far away!
Oh she wore it for her lover who was
far, far away!
Far away! far away!
Oh she wore it for her lover who was
far, far away!

Around the block she pushed a baby
carriage
She pushed it all that summer and then
again 'til May;
And when they asked her why the hell
she pushed it,
She said she pushed it for her lover who
was far, far away.

CHORUS.

THE DOUGHBOY'S LAMENT.

There's a long, long nail a-grinding
Into the sole of my shoe;
And it digs a little deeper
Every mile or two,
But there's one sweet day a-coming,
A day I'm dreaming about;
The day when I can sit me down
And pull that damned nail out;

THE ARMORED CRUISER SQUADRON

Away, away, with sword and drum
Here we come full of rum,
Looking for someone to put on the bum
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

The Washington and Tennessee
The finest ships that sailed the sea,
They rounded the horn in time to be
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

The scuttle butt popped at a hundred
and three;
On the ice machine we made our tea,
The boiler walked off and jumped in
the sea,
On the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Why, oh, why did Uncle Sam
uild two ships not worth a damn?
The Washington and the Birmingham
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

We are the boys who shoot six inch
Or anything else when we're in a pinch
Gee, but the battleships are a cinch,
For the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Sixteen battleships all in a line,
In Guatanamo Bay look mighty fine,
But me for a cruiser every time,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron,

Here's to the cruiser days gone by,
With a bottle of scotch and a jug of
rye,
We'll hope to meet again bye and bye,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

The Officers are a bunch of drunks,
They stand their watches in their
bunks,
And keep their old clothes in their
trunks,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

The Admiral walks his quaterdeck,
When he sees our ship he says "By
heck,
Here comes that ancient rambling
wreck,
From the Armored Cruiser Squadron!

The Skipper's good forty rounds,
In port he rides behind the hounds,
But on the ship he can't be found,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Con't

Our young "Exec" with anxious brow,
Walks the deck and says as how,
The Sleeveless Undershirts must go,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our Navigator's full of tar,
He shoots the truck light for a star
And wonders where in the hell we are,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our Gunnery Officer's full of pluck,
He aims the guns and trusts to luck,
He knows dam' well he'll pass the buck,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our Engineer's our standard joke,
At thirteen knots along we poke,
And fill the ocean full of smoke,
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

Our First Luff is very gruff,
When coming to anchor he chucks a
bluff,
And hopes the Bo's'n will do his stuff
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

And when our ship has rung her knell,
And dropped the hook at the gates of
hell,
The skipper he'll say "Very well!
In the Armored Cruiser Squadron.

THE SERVICE TOAST

Oh, you've heard of the Navy and the
men who sail the seas,
For the glory of our country's colors
fair,
For the glory of the blue and gold,
our team is here to-day,
And we'll cheer then as thru' Army's
line they tear.
Oh, there'll be high elation on th
far China Station
From the Crabtown to ships at Timbuctoo,
And we'll drink a merry toast to our
team the Service Boast,
And the wearers of the good old Navy
Blue.

THE ARTILLERY

The Artillery, the Artillery, with dirt
behind their ears,
Can lick their weight in wildcats, and
drink their weight in beers,
The Infantry, the Cavalry, and the lousy
Engineers,
Couldn't keep up with the Artillery in
a hundred thousand years.

THE RAW RECRUIT

Ain't been long in this here army
I'm what they call a raw recruit.
Guess I'll stay, it's better than farmin'
Get three meals and pay to boot.

The very first thing in the mornin'
Fellow with a horn makes an awful noise,
Then the guy they call first sergeant
Says "Get up and turn out boys."

Then you go down to the stable
With your brush and curry-comb.
There you groom as long as you're able,
Cease grooming, fall in, march back home.

Then they take you to the bath-house,
Funnier place I never saw before;
Water runs in thru a hole in the ceiling,
ms right out thru a hole in the floor.

They tried to learn me a soldier lesson,
Marched me up and turned me around,
Give me a gun and I put it on my shoulder,
One, two, three, and I put it on the ground

They put your name on a slip of paper,
Fellow over there gives you your pay.
Take it to the squad-room put it on a
blanket
Fellow yells "Craps" and takes it all
away.

Then they try to talk by signals,
Fellow waves a flag to another far away.
Just one thing I'm tryin' to get over
How's he know what he's tryin' to say?

Then if you should get your leg broke,
Doc won't charge you one red cent.
C.C. pills is all you needed,
Your leg ain't broke---just badly bent.

Q.M.C.

Oh, we don't have to march like the
Infantry,
Ride like the Cavalry,
Shoot like the Artillery,
We don't have to fly over Germany
We are the Q.M.C.

We are the Q.M.C.
We are the Q.M.C.
We don't have to march like the Infantry,
Ride like the Cavalry,
Shoot like the Artillery,
We don't have to fly over Germany,
We are the Q.M.C.

O'REILLY'S GONE TO HELL

O'Reilly was a soldier, the pride of
Battery B.
In all the blooming outfit no better
man than he,
The ranking duty non-com, he knew his
business well,
But since he's tumbled down the pole
O'Reilly's gone to hell.

CHORUS:

O'Reilly's gone to hell, since down
the pole he fell,
He drank up all the bug-juice, the
boot-leggers would sell,
They ran him in the mill; they've got
him in there still.
His bob-tail's coming back by mail,
O'Reilly's gone to hell.

O'Reilly hit the bottle after six
years up the pole,
He blew himself at Casey's place and
then went in the hole.
He drank with all the rookies, and
shoved his face as well,
The battery is on the bum
O'Reilly's gone to hell.

CHORUS:

O'Reilly swiped a blanket, and shoved
it up I hear,
He shoved it for a dollar, and invested
that in beer.
He licked a coffee-cooler because he
said he'd tell.
He's gone ten days A.W.O.L.
O'Reillys gone to hell.

CHORUS:

They'll try him by court-martial, he'll
never get a change,
To tell them how his mother died, or
some such song and dance.
He'll soon be down in Company Q, a-
sleepin' in a cell,
A big red P. stamped on his back;
O'Reilly's gone to hell.

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

To the legion of the lost ones, to the
cohorts of the damned,
To my brethren in their sorrow over-seas
Sings a gentleman of England, cleanly
bred, machinely crammed,
And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS (CONT'D)

Yea, a trooper of the forces who has
run his own six horses,
And faith he went the pace and went
it blind,
And the world was more than kin while
he held the ready tin,
But today the Sergeant's something
less than kind.

CHORUS;

We're poor little lambs who've lost
our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone
astray,
Baa-aa-aa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on a spree
Darned from here to Eternity,
And ha! mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables
sweet to empty kitchen slops,
And it's sweet to hear the tales the
troopers tell;
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the
regimental hops,
And thrash the cad who says you waltz
to well.
Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be
"Riders" to your troop,
And branded with a blasted worsted spur
When you envy, Oh how keenly, one poor
Tommy being cleanly,
Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls
you "Sir"

CHORUS.

If the home we never write to, and the
oaths we never keep,
And all we know most distant and most
dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room return
to break our sleep,
Can you blame us if we soak ourselves
in beer?
When the drunken comrade mutters and
the great guard-latern gutters,
And the Horror of our fall is written
plain,
Every secret self-revealing, on the
aching white-washed ceiling,
Do you wonder that we drug ourselves
from pain?

CHORUS.

CONT'D

We have done with Hope and Honor, we
are lost to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung
by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the
measure of our youth,
God help us, for we knew the worst too
young!
Our shame is clean repentance for the
crime that brought the sentence,
Our pride it is to know no spur of
pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us, 'Til
an alien turf enfolds us,
And we die, and none can tell them
where we died.

CHORUS.

THE CAISSON SONG

Over hill, over dale, we have hit the
dusty trail,
And out caissons go rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout, "Counter
march and right about!"
And the caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS

Then it's hi! hi! hee! in the Field
Artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong.
Where'er you go, you will always know
That those caissons are rolling along.
Keep them rolling!
And those caissons go rolling along.

Through the storm, through the night,
Up to where the doughboys fight,
All our caissons go rolling along.
Action front at a trot, volley fire
with shell and shot,
While those caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS

Cavalry, boot to boot, we will join in
the pursuit
While those caissons go rolling along.
At zero hour we'll be there, answering
every call and flare,
While our caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS

Should the foe penetrate, every gunner
lies in wait,
And those caissons go rolling along.

Fire at will, lay 'em low, never stop
for any foe,
While those caissons go rolling along.

CHORUS:

But if Fate me should call, and in
action
I should fall,
Keep those caissons a-rolling along.
Then in peace I'll abide, when I take
my final ride
On a caisson that's rolling along.

CHORUS:

Bat-ter-y Halt!

HOME, BOYS, HOME.

Man born of woman was a sailor for to be,
He's born to degradation in every
degree,
Of guard mounts and gun drills he
never has his ease,
He has so many masters that he don't
know whom to please.

CHORUS:

Home, boys, home, it's home we ought to
be!
Home, boys, home, in God's Country!
The ash and the oak, and the weeping
willow tree-
Oh, we're strong for the Navy, but it's
home we ought to be!

Go to the Captain if you want to get
away,
Off on leave for a month or a day;
Write out your request, he'll sign it
if he can,
You can go away and not come back, he
doesn't give a damn!

CHORUS:

Go to the Executive if you want to get
a boat,
To visit some friends on another ship
afloat;
He gives you the wherry, you can pull
it like a man
You can take a boat and drown yourself (34)
he doesn't give a damn!

CHORUS.

Go to the First Lieutenant if you
want a piece of wood,
A keg of nails, or steamer; and be it
understood,
Each one you see has a different little
plan---
Its down on the card index he doesn't
give a damn!

SERGEANT FLYNN

Cont'd

Garry Owen, Garry Owen, Garry Owen
In this valley of Montana all alone
There are better days to be for the
Seventh Cavalry
When we charge again for dear old
Garry Owen
Through the night the Sioux were singing
Sergeant Flynn
I could hear their tom toms ringing
Sergeant Flynn
Oh, I heard their tom toms ringing
And I heard the Sioux bucks singing

But they know not yet the tune of Garry
Owen
Ten thousand Sioux were riding, Sergeant
Flynn
In the Black Hills they were hiding,
Sergeant Flynn
Crazy horse and Sitting Bull
Soon will get their bellies full
Of lead and steel from men of Garry Owen

There's first call, I hear it blowing
Sergeant Flynn
And it sounded like taps was blowing
Sergeant Flynn
Oh, me lads that's only fancy
Take a brace there, Private Clancy
You'll feel better when they strike up
Garry Owen

There goes boots and saddles sounding
Sergeant Flynn
To the lines the men are bounding
Sergeant Flynn
Hurry saddle up and fall in
For the trumpets are a-calling
And the band is tuning up for Garry Owen

There's the forward, we're a dancing
Sergeant Flynn
In the breeze the guidon't dancing
Sergeant Flynn
Trot, march, gallop, charge by thunder
We will ride the cut-throats under
Drive your saber to the hilt for
Garry Owen

We are Irish, Scotch, and thrifty
Sergeant Flynn
We'll sell redskins one for fifty
Sergeant Flynn
For each Seventh scalp that's lifted
Fifty heathen souls have drifted
To the happy hunting grounds for
Garry Owen

We'll dismount and fight the heathen
Sergeant Flynn
While there's still a trooper breathin'
Sergeant Flynn
In the face of sure disaster
Keep those carbines firing faster
Make your volleys ring for Custer,
Garry Owen

We are ambushed and surrounded
Sergeant Flynn
But recall has not yet sounded
Sergeant Flynn
Here you men stand fast and rally
Make a last stand in this valley
For the Seventh Regiment and
Garry Owen.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

There's a yellow rose in Texas
That I am going to see
Nobody else could miss her
Not half as much as me
She cried so when I left her
It like to broke her heart
And if I ever find her
We never more shall part.

(Refrain)

She's the sweetest little rosebud
That Texas ever knew
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
That sparkle like the dew
You may talk about your Clemintine
And sing of Rosalee
But the yellow rose of Texas
Is the only girl for me.

Where the Rio Grande is flowing
And the starry skies are bright
She walks along the river
In the quiet summer night
I know that she remembers
When we parted long ago
I promised to return
And not to leave her so.

(Repeat Refrain)

Oh, now I'm going to find her
For my heart is full of woe
We'll do the things together
We did so long ago
We'll play the banjo gaily
She'll love me like before
And the yellow rose of Texas
Shall be mine for evermore.
(Repeat Refrain)

THE WIDE MISSOURI

Oh Shan-na-dore, I love your daugh-ter,
Hi-oh, The rolling river!
I'll take her 'cross the rolling water,
Ha, ha! I'm bound a-way for the wide
Mis - sour - i.

For sev'n long years I court-ed Nancy,
Hi-oh, The rolling river!
For sev'n long years I court-ed Nancy,
Ha, ha! I'm bound a way for the wide
Mis - sour - i.

She would not have me for a lov-er Hi-oh,
The rolling river! She would not have me
for a lov-er, Ha, ha!
I'm bound a-way for the wide
Mis - sour - i.

And so she took my fif-teen dol-lars,
Hi-oh, The rolling river,
And so she took my fif teen dol-lars,
Ha, ha! I'm bound away for the
wide Mis-sour-i.

And then she went to Kansas City, Hi-oh,
The rolling river, and then she went to
Kansas City, Ha, ha! I'm bound away for
the wide Mis-sour-i.

She must have had an-oth-er lov-er,
Hi-oh, The rol-ling riv-er,
She must have had an-oth-er lov-er,
Ha, ha! I'm bound a-way for the wide
Mis-sour-i.

THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY

Stand up! Attention!
You red-legged mountaineers;
With your gun and your pack,
And your box of tack,
Non-coms and cannoneers.
Baptized in Mindanao
Beside the Sulu Sea;
With a tow, and a tow,
And a tow, row, row,
From the Mountain Battery,
With a tow, and a tow,
And a tow, row, row,
From the Mountain Battery!

For when we are commanded
To open up the ball,
We slap our guns together,
And beside them stand or fall.
To right and left before us
Our shrapnel bursts we see;

Cont'd

With a tow, and a tow,
And a tow, row, row,
From the Mountain Battery.
With a tow, and a tow,
And a tow, row, row,
From the Mountain Battery,
With a tow, and a tow,
And a tow, row, row,
From the Mountain Battery.

I'd rather be a soldier
With a mule and mountain gun;
Than knight of old
With spurs of gold,
Than Roman, Greek or Hun.
For when there's trouble brewing,
They always send for me,
To start the fun
With a mountain gun
From the Mountain Battery.
To start the fun
With a mountain gun
From the Mountain Battery.

Here's to pack and aparejo,
To cradle gun and trail;
And that damned ole fool,
The artillery mule,
Who ne're was known to fail.
Then fill your glasses fellows,
And drink this toast with me;
Here's a how, and a how,
And a how, how, how,
To the Mountain Battery.
Here's a how, and a how,
And a how, how, how
To the Mountain Battery!